DAVID GRIEVE,

MRS. WARD'S POWERFUL NOVEL.

THE HISTORY OF DAVID GRIEVE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 12mo, pp. 57d. Macmillan & Co.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new story is at once strongly realistic and strikingly and variously illustrative of the currents of modern thought. It is at once more artistic and of broader scope than "Robert Elsmere." It deals not only with those religious problems which are being discussed with unceasing zest throughout the civilized world, but it brings in question those essentially modern views of the influence of heredity and temperament upon life which are doing so much to modify the old dogmatic conclusions. It is emphatically a novel of the period, and is informed throughout by the "zeitgeist." Mrs. Ward has grown much in her art since her first book was written, and the result is that "The History of David Grieve" is a powerful piece of fiction, regarded solely in that light. But the author, while too conscientious and since beyond the old conceptions of Providence, self-exacting not to strive after the highest art and he was not fixed to form in any way. But ideals, is a thinker and a seeker first of all, and he had by almost imperceptible transitions grown her skill as a novelist is but the instrument by to belief in "some far-off, divine event, to which the which she lends attraction and interest to the high themes, the dark problems, which engage her most serious thoughts. In this she reminds us to a certain extent of George Eliot, and yet other resemblances, particularly to the first manner of positions, or perhaps we should say, these tenden that writer, may be discovered in this story. She has developed here a facility in dramatic composition, in terse and virile dialogue, and in the handling of Nerthern English dialect, not previously suspected, and these points add powerfully to the picturesqueness and general effect of the narrative.

The "History of David Grieve" is not a fragment. save in the sense that all life is fragmentary. The here and hereine are not introduced as adults, but we make their acquaintance in their childhood, and follow their development and their fortunes, in one case to old age, in the other to a tragic end. The orphan brother and sister, living on Reuben's mountain farm, near Clough End, under the harsh rule of Hannah, are made to exhibit their characteristic traits and temperaments from the very beginning. If Louie repels by her absolute lack of softness, her consistent Ishmaelitism, her wild vindictive temper, and an independence which has in it nothing more than a stubborn determination to have her own way at all costs-it must never be forgotten that she is the virtually helpless victim of heredity; that in her are manifested, and even exaggerated, all the worst elements of her light mother. Nor is David, though he inherits more fully from his sober, industrious and intelligent father, free from the maternal taint, as the disastrous Paris episode in his early manhood demonstrates. And as insanity, once seated in a family, may disappear for a generation and then recur violently, so heredity operates in his life. At the outset the paternal endowments alone are in evidence. The first years of the boy in Manchester, his resolute thrift, his business aptitudes, his stern self-denial, his energetic pursuits of material fortune, seem to promise what the lame minister, Anerum, anticipated for his young friend-a career of great worldly prosperity.

But David Grieve's brain was abnormally active. and his experiences as a bookseller's assistant opened to him many avenues of thought. He had in his boyhood been moved to transient emotion during a season of revival meetings, but that episode had ended in a violent animal reaction. which led to the disgrace which drove him from his uncle's farm. In Manchester he read Voltaire, and from that literary experience, emerged an eighteenth century sceptic. A highly interesting phase of the story is the tracing of his ental development from the crude irreligion of Voltairism and the Encyclopedists to French "fin de siecle" views, thence to the philosophy of Mill and his school and their successors, and so to deep interest in Biblical criticism of the German type. There may be readers who will consider this in the light of didacticism and superfluous discussion; but after all, the growth of an intelligent and human soul can by no means be faithfully depicted without due consideration of its relations to religious and philosophical problems. Had David Grieve not passed through these intellectual phases and experiences, he would not have been the man he is here represented, but a very are the great questions of life, however the indo-lence and frivolity of men may seek to put them aside or obscure their significance, and Mrs. Ward's account of this man's interior conflicts and development of a typical modern mind. Not less true is the vagueness of the conclusion, in which we are reminded of Robert Elsmere. A less admit and judicious writer would have thought it obligatory to bring David to some fixed belief, some established and absolute convictions, before leaving him. But such a result would have necessitated an abrupt breach in the continuity of his intellectual growth. A David Grieve with such a training, endowed with so imperative a need for truth at any price, so detached from the influence of tradition and custom as to be impregnable on that side, cannot be conceived of as resting in undemonstrable certitudes.

The realism of the story appears most strikingly in the description of the fatal visit to Paris made by David and his sister. Whether he could have saved Louie from herself is extremely doubtful, for her perversity, self-will and irritable vanity put her beyond all fraternal or protective influences. But his responsibility for her fall was none the less, for he did not try to cause he did not believe that they would add any prevent it save in a feeble and perfunctory manner, which had only the effect of exasperating and urging her to fresh follies. He himself had fallen upon the first passion of his life, and its light upon history or literature, but because they object was a girl devoted to art, and who could, not love. With another kind of training be might have resisted, but his Voltairean eduhad paved the way for acquiescence in the ethical (or rather non-ethical) code of the Paris "rapins," and the theory of "l'Union libre" did not appear to his confident inexperience shocking or perilous. All this Paris episode is written with surprising strength and fire. There is no shrinking from the facts. The scene in the Bohemian resort 'Les Trois Rats" is almost realistic enough for a De Goncourt. The salient characteristics of the "fin de siecle" school are touched in with a firm and mordant pen. Relief is afforded by a delightfully open-air, wholesome and even noble sketch of the painter Regnault, who walks home with David after the evening at the "Trois Rats," and who may be supposed to typify the sane and clear-sighted and aspiring element of Young France. Regnault is charming, but though his conversation moves and pleases David, his produce the lectures language with exactness

course has to be run. The awakening is terrible. Elise Duvernay deserts him in a few weeks, and he returns to Paris to find that Louie has deliberately flung herself away. Physical and mental prostration follows, and, his energy gone, he is on the point of killing himself when he is discovered by his old and faithful friend Ancrum. L dark period succeeds, but youth and time conquer, and though | Carlylean is the point of view. We recognize sobered and depressed, he is once more able to instantly the writer's clous faith in the vitality return to his business and ta take interest in life. We are inclined to think that the manner in which David's marriage with Lucy is brought about is and energy which takes account of the characteristics. not quite up to the author's high standard. That ter or morality of the deeqn which such strength should have taken the girl to wife from a and energy are expende the enthusiasm for feeling of pity, is hardly consistent with the character ascribed to him, and particularly with his greatly; the strange union gemocratic tendencies full understanding of her shallowness and frivolity. Perhaps his sister's dalicious remark that "he been caught on the rebound" offers the most plausible explanation of his conduct. Thenceforward, however, he prospers materially, after some years a son is born to him, a little Sandy, who is most humorously and sympathetia cally presented by Mrs. Ward, and who is certain to be a first favorite with most readers, for he is a capital small boy, full of the oddest tricks the genuineness of the ancient eles, though how partial privacy by being laid; gainst the posts from and the most unexpected sayings. There is an be supposes them to have been sduced does not the outer landing, which was a flat roof. The wall and the most unexpected sayings. There is an incompany the most grim and cynical adhesion to the stern appear at all clearly. For House has a great was full of cracks big enough for a finger, through if they were so many sheep. It is scarcely doubtactualities of life in the denouement of poor David's married life. During the first years of it Lucy the unity of the liad where he ad it. Of the degrees below zero." Ead as this may seem it was be better off, but what cows them is the knowledge

tine tokens of success in the world. Her husband meanwhile had been experimenting in profitsharing with his employes, and in various other measures for the improvement of the workingman's lot. With these schemes the wife did not sympathize, but presently a change began to come over her. She seemed to realize the vanity of social plans. She rose to a higher plane, and became a true helpmeet to him. And then she was struck, as a bolt from the blue, with that gwful disease sarcoma-more rapid and fatal than cancer-and withered away under his eyes in a few weeks.

Here again we are put face to face with one of the contingencies of human life whose rence seems to strike at the root of all belief in a beneficent government of the world. naturally a strong temptation for a religious writer to abuse such a situation, but Mrs. Ward has withstood it. David Grieve is stunned and prostrated by the dreadful death of his wife, but it does not harden him. He has indeed passed long whole creation moves," and death, as is so frequently the case, now strengthened and facilitated the movement of his mind toward acceptance of the theory of a future life. Far beyond cies, he does not go. There is not-there could hardly be for such a mind-a certainty. There may be a vivid and a sustaining hope, which, without any attempt to reason out the situation, might become the equivalent almost of conviction For no man was ever wholly consistent, either in faith or skepticism, and the human mind is so constituted that, as a man of science once observed, many people seem able to keep their theology and their science in separate water-tight compartments so that neither interferes with the other

There remains the tragedy of Louie. Hers was an exceedingly difficult character to draw, and Mrs. Ward has not attempted to elaborate it as in the case of David. Louie's dominant characteristics are all unlovely and repellent. beautyone recommendation-her great is purely physical, and purely disadvanta geous to her. Even her sad death does rouse the reader's sympathy, for it has literally nothing to lay hold upon. The way ward girl has apparently done no generous, unselfish She had repaid or gracious action in her life. kindness and constant help with the hardest thank lessness. She had gone with open eyes to the pit and had sprung into its depths voluntarily. contrast between the characters of the brother and sister is strongly indicated in the difference of their behavior under bereavement. When David loses his wife he shrinks from the blow, but dees not give way to dispair. But when Cecile dies of the disease to which Louie had exposed her. the latter thinks to show her defiance of Heaven by plunging deliberately into the lowest depths of degradation-and passes thence to a suicide's grave The whole story of Louie is indeed painted in the most sombre colors, but though the treatment is broad and the lines sweeping, the character and personality of the girl are in no way vague or dim. Louie is a wild, fierce, tragically beautiful creature. suggesting love and domesticity no more than tiger-cat, but deeply interesting throughout, and a

As to David, he is a man of far more than average intellect and character, who is partly constrained by the force of circumstances and partly by the force of convictions to fix his ambitious upon philanthropic ends. Moreover, he is a man who in his maturity leads a Christian hie without holding the faith of a Christian hie without holding the faith of a Christian, and in this superficial paradox Mrs. Ward has once more manifested the subtlety of her artistic ideas; for this superficial paradox Mrs. Ward has once more manifested the subtlety of her artistic ideas; for however logically inadmissible, as an actual phenomenon this combination is incontestably real. We have left ourselves scant room for noticing sems other points in the story, individualized an logicital characters, such as "Daddy" Loman, Ancrum, the minister, Lord Driffield, John Dalby, Reuben and Hannah, Uncle 'Lias and his wife Margaret, Bora Loman, the young saint, Regnault, Elsie Duvernay, and many more. The use made by the auth r of the Lancashire dialect is highly effective, the scenes between Reuben and Hannah being particularly good in this respect. The French episode has already been spoken of, but we cannot leave the subject without an expression of admiration for the clever observation, talent for detail, and instructive perception of strong effects which characterize this part of Mrs. Ward's book, Finally it must be said that "The History of David Grieve" is a remarkably powerful, well-

CARLYLE'S "LITERATURE."

BY NO MEANS AN EPOCHAL BOOK.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE

Deflyered by Thomas Carlyle, April to July 1838. Now Printed for the First Time. Edited with Proface and Notes, by Professor J. Era-Greene, 12mo, pp. 283. Charles Scribn r's Son Professor Greene asks in his preface to this book, Why did not Carlyle issue these lectures on literature in his life-time?" and answers the question by suggesting that "Doubtless he shrank from the slow labor of preparing for publication discourses which deal with topics demanding careful treatment while almost infinite in their extent and diversity." But Thomas Carlyle was possessed of an indefatigable industry, and cannot thought of as shrinking from any labor, slow or otherwise. It seems more reasonable to conclude that the lectures were not published by him because he did not ocher, thing to his repusation; and this we think will be the indoment of most readers. They are in the judgment of most readers. They are in testing, not because they really throw any exhibit the workings of a mind which on thes as on most other subjects held necediar and often

paradoxical views. They also reveal the lecturer's

limitations in a marked way, and they offer estimates of various authors which have never been, and are never likely to be, accepted by the world. The diction of the lectures is as unlike that of Carlyle as anything could well be. They were delivered within a year from the publication of the "History of the French Revolution," and some six years after the appearance of "Sartor Resartus. The author's style was then fully fixed, with all its mannerisms; yet in these pages there is abso lutely no trace of those Carlylean peculiarities. The editor does not state-perhaps does not know -how the notes (the reporter (Mr. Thomas Chisholm Anstey) were taken-whether in lon or short hand. Bu the fact must make a great deal of difference. If they were taken in longhand we should exect that they would not re and that there wod be omissions, and some times unintelligible issages; and this is precisely what we find here. Trlyle seems, in fact, to have been diluted in the occas of reporting, and to have lost his native b, pungency, quaintness of expression and freque bursts of eloquence. All is tame and soher, decously dull, bare of ornament and oddity. Wit remains unmistakably of belief, without referce to the truth of the things believed in; thatdmiration for strength

to Carlyle alone. The voice the voice of Jacob, surely; but the hands are thands of Esau. Nothing can be sketchler more fragmentary than Carlyle's historical out as here given, past. In speaking of Greek mology, he favors the Euhemeristic view. He incs to belief in admiration, though he leaves the at question of

German literature which me was to moderate

with profound distrust obopular intelligence

All these points of view arumiliar, and belong

was a poor creature, a mere enatterer, who spent his life talking to no purpose-chopping logic for already crowded with flocks and herds and men and the mere sake of argument. Greek tragedy feres somewhat better. Acschylus is na truly gigantic man, one of the largest characters ever known, in wet weather (of which they had plenty) was aland all whose movements are clumsy and huge. ways a foot or two deep in liquid manure; or they her old ambitions. She showed interest in David's like those of a son of Anak." Then "the Antigone of Sophocles is the finest thing of the kind ever sketched by man." Euripides is called a rather sup and sleep in company with horses, mules, sensagonal and vain writer. With the Romans, camels, oxen, and sheep. Mrs. Bishop frequently he is more at home. The Greeks he compares to had to do this. She would have preferred to pitch the French, who, he declares, have produced no her tent in some open space, away from the fifth and men o genius. The Greeks, he thinks, may be stench of the caravanserais, but the village herdcalled the children of antiquity, but the Romans | men would not permit this as they are answerable were the men of antiquity. They were strong for the safety of travellers, and feared that she and they were thrifty-cardinal virtues both in he eyes of Thomas Carlyle, for as he says, "thrift, fest the country. well understood, includes in itself the best virtues that a man can have in this world," and again, "it is the foundation of all manner of virtue in a Carlyle's ideas of the aggressions of Rome do not consort very well with his views on the course of the French Revolution. justifies the Romans on the characteristic pleathat they were wiser than the nations they con Thus, for instance, "No one would wish to see some fool wandering about at his own will, and without any restraint or direction; we must admit it to be far better for him if some wise man were to take charge of him, even though by force, although that seems but a coarse kind of operation."

In the Middle Ages the great phenomenon was the triumph of Belief over Unbelief, according to Cariyle, and this greatness had no relation to the character of the belief that triumphed. Doubt, this strange philosopher asserts, is a morbid character of the belief that triumphed. Doubt, this strange philosopher asserts, is a morbid state—it is a state of mental paralysis—a highly painful state of mind, one which the healthy man won't entertain at all, but, if he can do nothing fact that all intellectual progress has been due to this "morbid state" is nothing to Carlyle Pelief—no matter in what—is "the indication and the cause of health, and when we see it in a whole world we may be sure that the world is able to say and to do sometiang." Whether the Middle Ages were a period of universal belief is a question regarding which much might be said, but it is not worth while to enter upon it. One of the best things in these lectures is the appreciation of Dante, yet many may denur to the estimate.—"Aeschylus, Dante, Shakespeare—one really cannot add another greater name to these." One really might, without mach difficulty, substitate a greater name for the first, but perhaps Carlyle was not altogether serious at this point. Of Sponish Biterature he annears to know only a greater name for the first, but perhaps Carlyls was not altogether serious at this point. O Spanish literature he appears to know only Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderon, and no much concerning either of the two latter. (In his notes to this lecture Professor Greene cationsly recommends to inquirers Bouterwark's "History of Spanish Literature," instead of Ticknor's far superior work.) Cervantes he praises almost fulsamely, and accords him a place and influence never, certainly, allowed him by his own countrymen.

Coming down to English literature we as surprised to find Carlyle canonizing John Knox and civing him a character which no serious his torian has indexed. But see Professor Green' no.es on this subject. Milton the beturer did no ces on this subject. Milton the besturer did no mpathize with. He was "polymical altogether" Paradise Lost' is artificial, almost wooden" here is no lite in Milton's characters, "and so the Swift gets some justice, and Dr. dobuson are. Hume is praised, and diblon depreciated courses Goethe receives liberal and large treat ent; but the narrowness of the general view is ca does the history of the human mind during the list half-century bear out this belief? The need of the lectures is toward an opinion which their author certainly did not long him; but they are not clearly thought out; the often self-course of the self-course f reasons for declining to place them among lib ther works. The notes of Professor Greene are cholarly and helpful.

MRS, BISHOP IN PERSIA.

TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS OF A VETERAN TRAVELLER.

JOURNEYS IN PERSIA AND EURDISTAN, INCLUDING A SUMMER IN THE UPPER KARUN REGION, AND A VISIT TO THE NESTORIAN RAYAHS. By Mrs. Lishop (Isolada, L. Lish, In two volumes, with pertrait, maps and illustrations. Svo., pp. 381-609, G. P. Pulham's Sois.

Mrs. Bishop has long been known as an accomplished and enthusiastic traveller, whose endurance fearlesswas and coolness in danger are not less remarkable than the keenness of her observation and the intelligence of her judgments. But neither she kinds as it was her but to experience during the ourneys described in these interesting volumes She started in the winter from Baghdad. The sea purpose when the offer of an East Indian officer who was going the same way, to escort her, deter-mined her to go on as she had originally intended The journey was enough to have taken the heart out of most men, but Mrs. Bishop bravely faced the caseless trials and the daily and nightly discomforts, and bore up under weather which actually killed strong men whose business it was to travel The road by over mountains and through steep and It was not merely ordinary storms that had to be endured, but furious blizzards in which progress was impossible, and against which so wrapping ould protect the travellers. Her essert was a man of herculean strength and great ensurance, but a times even be came near succumbing to these fear ful blasts of snow and fey wind.

A passage concerning one of these bliggards mase cited to show what they were. On the occasion referred to five men in a carayan which had pre eded Mrs. Bishop's were brought back corpses having fallen victims to the storm. "We had," writes the plucky traveller, "to chimb a long as cending plateau for 1,500 feet to surmount a pass The snow was at times three feet deep, and the tracks even of a heavy caravan which crossed before us were effaced by the drift in a few minutes. A sun without heat scintillated and glared like a electric light, white and unsympathetic, out of pitiless sky without a cloud. As soon as we emerged rom Sannah the 'demon-wind' seized on ussteady, blighting, searching, merciless blast, no rise or fall, no luil, no hope. Steadily and strongly it swept, at a temperature of 9 degrees, across the glittering ascent-swept mountain-sides bare; enveloped us at times in glittering swirls of powdery now, which after biting and stinging coreered over the slopes in twisted columns; screeched down gorges and whistled like the demon it was, as it drifted the light frozen snow in layers, in ripples, in waves, a cruel, benumbing, blinding, withering invisibility! The six woollen layers of my mask, my three pairs of gloves, my sheepskin east, fur cloak and mackintosh piled on over a swaddling nass of woollen clothing, were as nothing before that awful blast. It was not a question of comfort or discomfort, or of suffering more or less, but of life or death, as the corpses a few miles ahead of us show. I am certain that if it had lasted another half hour I too should have perished. The torture of my limbs down to my feet, of my temples and heekbones, the anguish and uselessness of my hands, from which the reins had dropped, were of small consequence compared with a chill which crept round my heart, threatening a cessation of work.

After several hours of such experience the party arrived at a village and put up at the caravanseral And this was the accommodation awaiting them Crumbling, difficult stairs at each end of a crumb ling mud house led to rooms which barely afforded a shelter, with a rainous barn between, where the servants, regardless of consequences, kept up a bonfire. A man shovelled most of the snow out of my room and tried to make a fire but failed, as neither he nor I could stand the smoke produced by unless it be his estimates of the the attempt. This imperfect shelter had a windowframe, with three-out of four of its wooden panes gone, and a cracked door, which could only exercise

the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid; Socrates offen when the travellers, after a long march, reached a village, they found the one caravanseral choice of pitching the tent in the stable yard, which | nance such an atrocity, nor would it be permitted could bestow themselves in one of a number of simple recesses or alcoves in the stable wall, and there would be robbed by the prowling brigands that in-

Mrs. Bird went to Isfahan, but found the popu

lation there so fanatical that no Christian dared venture into the place. She stayed with a pleasant missionary family, and made preparations for her journey among the Bakhtiaris, in the Highlands He of the Karun region. A visit was made to Teheran, or Tihran as she spells it, and here she enjoyed the hospitality of the Englis's Minister, Sir Drummond Wolff, and saw the Shah and his treasure-room, of which she gives a description from which we ex-"The decorations of this magniftract a passage. icent hall are in blue and white stucco of the hard. fine kind, hardly distinguishable from marble, known as 'gatch,' and much glass is introduced in he ceiling. The proportions of the room are perfeet. The floor is of fine tiles of exquisite coloring arranged as mesaics. A table is overlaid with ceaten gold, and chairs in rows are treated in the ame fashion. Glass cases round the room and on astly tables contain the fabulous treasures of the Shah and many of the crown jewels. Possibly the secumulated splendors of pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, basins and vessels of solid gold, ancient armor flashing with precious stones, shields studded with diamonds and rubies, scabbards and sword hilts incrusted with costly gems, helmets red with rubies, golden trays and vessels thick with diamonds, crowns of jewels, chains, ornaments, masculine solely) of every description, jewelled oats of mail dating back to the reign of Shah Ismael, exquisite enamels of great antiquity, all in a profusion not to be described, have no counterpart n earth. They are a dream of splendor not to be forgotten." Then there is the celebrated Peacock Throne which Nadir Shah brought from Delhi, and which has been valued at \$12,500,000. But these are only part of the Shah's treasures, including the great diamond Dar-i-Nur Sea of Light) said to be the second diamond in the world, are kept elsewhere in strong iron safes, to-

Mrs. Bishop thought the Shah very brusque in is manner, but keen and intelligent; but he did Tihran the English influence was predominant there, but most of the Persian statesmen and peale of distinction whom she met appeared to think hat before long Russia would occupy and absorb he country; nor were they much disturbed by this anticipation. Her journey into the Bakhtiari counry took her among the flyets or native tribes, who cupy a position something similar to that of the n strong castles when they are not too poor to aild them, and keep up a sort of feudal state. Mrs. Bishop visited many barems in this region er reputation (based on the possession of a meli ine chest) as a Hakim, or physician, making her o greatly in request that wherever she scopped for he night she was mobbed by applicants for the harems the special demand was for drugwhich would make the husband love some par icular wife. Jealousy and intrigue flourish in ese establishments; the women have nothing fearfully stapid; and are bored to death with their idle, eventles existence. It is no wonder that they conspire whenever possible, for it is the uly excitement ever open to them. Mrs. Bishop found them very uninteresting, and not often

erally able to emp in the open, and that insurer her sound rest. The provender also was com-monly eatable and abundant. A drawback wis As she went forward her route was punctuaed by losses of property, "conveyed" at night with the utmost idroitness. When she arrived in the country of the Lurs the conditions became worse, for now it was a question whether those professional brigands would not take everything,-horses. mules, and provisions, besides the goods and even the clothing of the party. They have a pleasing custom o stripping travellers to their shirts and then turning them loose, and but for the face that Mrs. Pird had three or four stalwart and rese fate mor with her, all fully conversant with the people about them, there can be little doubt that the espedition would have terminated among the lars, and perhaps the brave lady who led it hospitable mountains. But nothing is more remarkable in these travels than the impertirbahility of the narrator, unless it be her patience and gentleness. She never appears to have last her temper, no matter what the provocation. She ngaged a man as her guide and servait who to the line, turned out an impostor. He was so key that and at the journey's end paid him in cull,

Wherever she went in Persia she found decay and dirt and dilapidation. Every city of importance is half a ruin. Sanitary arrangements are conspicuous by their absence. The caravanserais are horrible dens, as already intimated. It is almost always dangerous to camp outside the villages, and when raids are not made upon travellers petty thefts are sure to be perpetrated. Mrs. Bishop owed much of her discomfort to the reports that she was an Italian, and the crowds that flocked to her tent night and morning were not too scrupulous to snatch anything they fancied when her back was turned. She had "powerful" letters from the Tihran Government, requiring all chiefs and authorities to furnish her with armed zapticles for escort, and to afford her every accommodation; but she discovered that in the Bakhtiari country there were chiefs who recked little of the Persian Government, though she was seldom positively insulted. The difficulties of the journey were very considerable, but they were somehow surmounted, and in due course Mrs. Bishop reached Urmi, whence she projected an excursion into Kurdistan, to visit the Nestorian Christians who live in the mountains of that region. The account of this last journey is deeply interesting. She found very soon that the Nestorians are the prey of the predatory Kurds who share the country with them; and that they ing any resistance to the continued outrages of which they are the victims. The villages of the Nestorian Rayahs are curious, being largely in a few deep students the phrase is not unfamiliar. the nature of "dug-outs." The people have for ages burrowed deeply in the mountain side, and their houses are consequently half subterranean. In underground cellars and stables cut out of the rock they keep their stock; that is, so much as they are allowed to keep, for the Kurds know all their hiding-places, and strip them of their sheep This plundering was unceasing during Mrs.

Eishop's visit, and many of the Nestorian villages were already so impoverished that the inhabitants had no longer wherewith to subsist themselves. The Kurds treat the Christians as natural and lawful prey, and think no more of killing them than which the night wind rioted in a temperature of 5 ful that if the Christians were holder they would married life. During the first years of it Lucy the unity of the last but no difference and it. Of the degrees below zero. Bad as this may seem it was be better off, but what cows them is the knowledge by no means a specially miserable example, nor was that the Turkish Government virtually sanctions ter house, finer furniture and the common Philis-

appear to believe that resistance on their part would be the signal for a massaere. The Government of the Porte is bad enough, but it does not so defy the opinion of the world as to counteby the great Powers to do so, or to refrain from energetic measures for the protection of the Nestorians. As the case stards, however, these oppressed people, becoming poorer and poorer being latterly given no time to recover from the Kurdish plunderings, are really threatened with extermination by sheer starvation. They are very reluctant to emigrate, being passionately attached to their mountain homes. But the Kurds give them no rest or breathing-space, and unless the Powers step in and compel the Porte to do its duty, they may, not improbably, have disappeared from Kurdistan altogether before the end Miller's, in West Twenty-third-st., wilt remain there until the end of the week. Mr. F. K. M. Rehn's of the century. Their present state, as here described, is wretched and precarious in the extreme, and so far there is no light ahead. They are a highly interesting and intelligent people, wedded to their religion with a martyr constancy, and it would seem that they should have the active sympathy of all Christendom. But they are apparently friendless, and the powerful Christian nations leave them to the mercies of the savage

Kurds without a qualm of conscience. Mrs. Bishop's last route led her to Trebizond, where for the time her wanderings ended. But she is not satiated, nor have her sufferings disheartened her, for her very last words, written on her catching sight of the waters of the Black Sea, are: "It was the journey's end, yet such is the magic charm of Asia that I would willingly the magic charm of Asia that I would willingly have turned back at that moment to the many plateaus of Armenia and the savage mountains of Kurdistan." Thus spoke the born traveller, who cannot help but rove far and wide, and to whom discomfort and suffering are of small account compared with the delights of the free wandering life. Airs. Bishop, however, will probably not be implored to stay at home so long as she gives the public volumes so fascinating as these, nor can there be any question as to her supreme fitness for the work she has so gariantly undertaken. Her journeys are well and fully illustrated, provided with sketch-maps and furnished with itineraries. The volumes are handsomely made and bound, and everything mechanical has been done by the publishers to give an adequate setting to the author's admirable narrative.

LITERARY NOTES.

A new quarterly r view is coming out in New-England-one to be devoted to religion, ethics and the-ology, discussed from the point of view of liberal It is not to be committed to any particular denomination. The Rev. Nicholas Paine Gliman will e managing editor. The other members of the ediiorial committee in charge are Professors C. C. Everett and C. H. Toy, of Harvard, and President Orello Cone, of Buchtel College.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has lost patience with the people who know so much more about his future plans than he happens to know himself; and he writes thus to an English journal: "I shall be ever obliged to you if you will contradict a report which can only have been circulated in wantonness, though I now ar of it from all quarters. I have no more intention of leaving Samoa than of going to the North Pole. The imate and the life exactly suit me. If gentlemen of the Press and half the employment that falls to ne in what they call my life of idleness, they would lack the time to invent and circulate baseless rumors s to the health, the opinions and the movement

Mr. Edmund C. Stedman contributes to "Poet-Lore" a most interesting suggestion concerning Juliet's much disputed "runawny"-a suggestion which has emarkable force, it must be confessed, and which dows the imaginative sympathy of the poet as well as the critical insight of the scholar. We refer the eader to Mr. Stedman's paper for enjoyment of his genious statement-we will only set forth here the fact that he flads a curious likeness and converse to Juffet's soliloquy in the " Dr. Fanstus" of Marlowe, and thence obtains a far more reasonable reading runnway's eyes" that has yet been presented by my Stakesperean scholar.

Mr. Stedman, by the way, is the most loyal of Americans, and we can easily imagine the pleasure with which he penned this paragraph for "Poet-Lore." The Balchtiari resemble certain Americans (as in parts of Keutucky and Tennessee) in having blood fends, which they appear to cherish quite affectionately. These mountaineers, in fact, are niways lighting among themselves, and frankly avow that peace is unknown in their country. Our traveller mountered a great deal of terribly rough country on this journey, but she was generally able to camp in the open, and that insurer

"Wolton Reinfred," Carlyle's novel, just published sold to want like a study for Sactor Resartus," The wording is in many cases An English writer suggests that instead of preceding "Sautor Resartus" an attempt, on the failure of the former to find a publisher, to reduce it to a more popular form.

There is a pretty little story told in an "Atlantic" sketch of Lowell's early years. It is recalled by a visitor at his father's house: "James, who had, according to his habit, strayed into the open air earlier in the evening, did not come in, but walked up and down the versinda during prayers. He entered at their close, with a faint apology, which the old minister took up, gently saying to my mother, 'No. James isn't serious as yet, but he has a good heart, and is the foe of every mortal wrong,"

or months, or even years-our governess called u journal the first number of The Biglow Facers. Of course we boys thought it hightful-more, I fear, for its apparent justica tion of slang, in which we were proficient, than for the noble sentiments contained. When she came

half the time Mrs. Bishop had to do her own work; the embarrassment of our worthy martinet gave us but she endured Hadii with the sweetes patience, great delight, as will the taste of forbidden fruit at most times; but it was not very long before the most idle and frivolous of us learned to appreciate the truth of the old clergyman's apology, the for of every mortal

> It is remembered of Lowell that at a Papyrus Club dinner, a few years ago, he talked about his first book, the 500 copies of which did not sell and were put away in a lumber-room. One night the lumber-room was found in a blaze and the books were destroyed. "I learned recently," added the poet, "that a copy of that first book is worth \$30, and, in view of this fact, the advice that it seems most fitting I should give to all literary folk is to burn their first books!

> A famous English bookman says that it is not always the sensational novel that scores; that the first great success he can recall was "The Koran," issued during the Turkish war in various editions, which sold faster than they could be printed.

> Boston is to have a new periodical-a weeklyeach number of which will contain only the "Two Tales" of its title. The best work of the best writers is promised; and the two stories a week will include no reprints and no translations. This, at least, is the proclamation.

The Editor of the London periodical "Wit and Wis dom " writes thus in a letter which explains itself; "My attention has just been directed to an article in The Tribune, in which you comment on the fact that the title of Mrs. Howell's story, 'The Quality of Mercy,' has been changed in England to John Northwick, Defaulter, You ask-Are English readers supposed to be ignorant of their Shakespeare, or less quick than Americans to are so broken in spirit as to be incapable of offer- see the point of a poetle title?' I am afra'd that English readers must answer your double-barrel question in

> "It may be difficult for you to credit, but a more commonplace reason was the cause of the change of chased by me, and a considerable sum was expended in announcing its appearance in 'Wit and Wisdom' under the title of 'The Quality of Mercy.' It was then dis covered that a story under the same title was appearing in a contemporary, and I was compelled to make The name originally chosen by Mr. Howells was 'The Mercy of God,' but I ventured, after reading the story, to think this imappropriate, and chose the name of the chief actor in the story as a suitable and striking title."

It is proposed in England to celebrate the aching centenary of Shelley by gathering all the hying English poets for a great dinner after the per-formance of "The Cenet"; and one irreverent writer declares that it would be quite easy to get them to-gether. "Simply ask each individual to come and recite a verse of his own poetry, and not one would be

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS. THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS-THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS-FORTHCOMING SALES -PUVIS DE CHAVANNES-A PICT-URE ATTRIBUTED TO MIL-LET-PERIODICALS. The week opens with more than enough in local galleries to occupy amafeurs of art. the Academy, the American Water Color Society and the New-York Etching Club begin the public exhibition of the works partially reviewed in The Tribune yester.

THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS

day. The very interesting landscapes and marines by the

Belgian painter, Franz Courtens, now at Sanchez &

marines may be seen at the Fifth Avenue Art Gal-

leries until Tuesday night, when part of the collection

will be put up at auction, the remainder being sold

on the following night. An exhibition of works by

Mr. G. H. Smillie and Mr. J. W. Champney will in-

mediately succeed Mr. Rehn's. At the Avery gallery

the exhibition of Mr. W. L. Picknell's excellent of

pointings of Annisquam scenery will not be closed

sefore Saturday evening. In addition to these there will be the various attractions touched upon more in The circulars sent out by the Society of American Artists approunce that the fourteenth exhibition of hat organization will be opened to the public at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries on Monday, May 2, and closed on Saturday, May 28. Varnishing day will be Friday, April 29, and members of the press will be admitted after 12 o'clock on the same day. The artists will have a reception and private view on Saturday, April 30. Blanks, which may be obtained from W. A. Coffin, secretary, 138 West Fifty-fifth-st., must be returned to him properly filled out on or before Saturday, April 16. Works will be received at the 6 o'clock p. m. of the second day being the extreme limit of time. The annual Webb prize of \$300 will be awarded to the best landscape in the exhibition, and the new Shaw fund prize of \$1,000 will be awarded for the first time to a figure composition, the picture becoming the property of Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, the

founder of the prize.

Announcements of approaching auction sales multiply rapidly. The Abner Harper sale, at the Flith Avenue Art Galleries, is to be followed by one, set down for March 8, of fifty or sixty modern paintings collected by Mr. William Schaus for the "International Art Gallery," which he opened at No. 576 Fifth-ave. in Jane, 1890. pictures which the sale will bring into the market are by Bonnat, Cabanel, Cazin, Corot, Henner, Jacquet, Lefebvre, Troyon, Uhde, Von Stetten and other popular artists. Early in April, at the same galleries, will be Espersed a collection of about 130 paintings formed by Mr. John Hoey, but now owned by the Dinsmore estate, The Hudson River men are well represented in the collection, as well as foreigners like Breton, Gerome, Vibert, Daverger, Piloty and Chaplin, It is probable that the collection of the late Robert L. Cutting, who bought some fine examples of Fortuny, Madrazo, Rico, annacois, Daubigny, Clayes and Bougnereau, will be old during the season, and that Mrs. Vivian will also dispose of the numerous pictures gathered together by her first husband, the late Marshall O. Roberts. The Joslah Milbank cellection is another that is not un-likely to come to the hammer. Modern mural decoration into which the figure

nters, in France, where that kind of art is practised etter than it is anywhere else, is commonly specacular in character. Effect is sought for at all nazards. Pavis de Chavannes is the great exception to the rule which binds his really eminent colleagues, Besnard, Gervex, Laurens and Duran. He is, as if were, unconsciously monumental. Choosing themes which have a large human significance, like Pence, War, Work, Repose, he treats them with the utmost simplicity, with the naivete and tenderness of the Italian Primitives, though, it should be added, with most unassuming he fills a spacious surface with remarkable dignity. Two paintings illustrating his refined and lovely art are at the Durand-Ruel gallery. One, entitled "The Song of the Shepherds," Is a simply "Summer," is a replica, somewhat varied, of in the Salon of the Champs de Mars last summer. Both are delightfully typical of his peculiar mood. mood in which the frankest naturalism is blended more prosaic than the business of the hour which is celebrated in "Summer." On a wooded point that juts out into a calm, blue river three w resting and drying themselves after a bath, fourth woman is still in the water, endeavoring to coax a timid child further into the stream than he evidently cares to go. Still further to the left in the scene in youth is climbing out upon the bank, and just beyond the headland a boat containing two figures is seen. The artist has elected to symbolize the season it one of its every day enjodes. The ways are in one of its every-day episodes. His women are large-limbed, reflective creatures, members, the linarination suggests, of some old Arcadian family, come to this sylvan spot to bathe with the same artiessness that would attend them in the performance of any other daty. Parity in the treatment of the aude was never better exemplified than it is by Pavis es Chavannes. There is the glamour of innecence, of naturalness, of a perfectly healthy atmosphere, thrown over his work. Alone in a materialistic school, he keeps his spirit free from all that is coarse and enervating. His ldylls are full of the sweet, bracing air of the undefiled country. The coloration of "summers" and of "The Song of the Shepherd," the latter a picture in which a pasteral motive gains an impressiveness from the noble landscape in which it is set, is confined to the quiet "filiac chord," as it has been called, which he always uses, which is so simple, and so little in keeping with the aggressive notions of contemporary French painters. Sundand as the note is, it is invertibless a penetrating and a lasting one, a note of which the fine emontual quality will be recognized by every sensitive beholder.

Bouss d, Valadon & Co, are the first dealers to

Bouss d, Valadon & Co. are the first dealers to bring over some of the pictures that figured in recent Jongkind sale in Paris. They have three oils, of which two, "Saint Parise, pres Nevers" and "Maasluis, Hollande," are the best. The French picture is particularly interesting. It is of one of these wide reads in the South, which Montenard paints with so true an eye for their pittless scorehing bareness on days when the sun is at its height. Jongkind, the painter of soft moonlight effects, could not approach such a scene at a time of intense heat and glare, and although his The few, severe lines in the perspective are beautifully The few, severe lines in the perspective are beautifully managed. In the Dutch study he deals with more characteristic material, with a flat, windy plain, or which a which are wind proposed to the same rectifude in the execution of this that there is in the French landscape and the same realization of cold but iving atmosphere. Atmosphere of a warmer sort is settled with even more intimate knowledge of its metamorphosing qualities by Montet in a river scene which is exhibited with the Jongkinds. Here a number of the most tensous of populars lift themselves beside a rive into heavy afternoon sunshine. Their foliage is a pulpitating mass of violet and purple.

It is natural to ascribe to the influence of Monel the simmering, perferved colors which are employed by Mr. F. Baubicheck in the landscapes which he has on exhibition at Blakeslee's, Fifth-ave. and Thirty-fourthst. The resemblance between the wek of the younger and that of the elder impressionly is very strong. But Mr. Raubicheck declares that he as discovered the power of sunlight for himself. He has been studying alone for the last liree years in Holand and Belgin far from any pictures by Monet, when, indeed, he has far from any pictures by Monet, when, indeed, he has never known until lately, and he in formed his own style. It is, like Monet's, founded in a develion to the unmitigated trails of nature: If vill have nothing to do with semi-tones, but gives at its full value every splash of crude color in the cusmatic scale presented by Dutch scenery in summer. The work is sincere and fresh. That recomments it. At the Blakeslee gallery is Mr. Vedder's prime of "The Blakeslee gallery is Mr. Vedder's prime of "The way of his carliest figure compositions (it was painted in 1878) and one of his mast original.

A marble bust of Mr. Depew, by sdollo Apolloni, of Rome, may be seen at the Schaus galery. It is a good portrait, and is technically stasfactory, being decorative, slowy works by which nost Italian scalp-tors of the day endeavor to excite diminion for the manual desterity in which they exel. Mr. F. Ed-win Elwell has Issued invitations fo a private view, to be held next Thursday at his tudo, 114 West Eighteenth-st., of his statue of "Clare Diskens and Little Nell," and his bust of Miss Lotsa M. Alcott.

Next Wednesday, in the library f the National Academy of Design, Mr. Daniel Huntigen, N. A., will deliver an address on some of the early American artists. At the Art Students' Leage last night Mr. Frederick Keppel gave a lecture either, "resonal sketches of Some Famous Ecchers." The lecture was illustrated.

illustrated.

In a pamphlet privately printed by fr. C. D. Wright, of Englewood, Ill., an account is given of an unsigned patuting, now in the possession of Mrs. A. D. Wright, likewise of Englewood, which is attributed to Jean Francois Millet. I is a sea place called "The Silip in Distress," and an purchased at a New-York auction sale in 1839, by ItA. D. Wright, a Western merchant. In June, 1830, be pleture was removed from its frame, and the made Millet' was discovered on the stretcher. The scene i the painting is very like one that is described by Mist himself in sensier's "Life," and Mr. Wright believe that a relie of the famous artist's early Cherbourg des has come to light. Professor J. H. Vanderpoel, ofte Institue, is of the same opinion. The owner of the picture has had it etched by Arthur Dawson, of Engle.